

## SALVATION.

Turn—Auld Lang Syne.  
There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood  
Lost all their guilty stains.

CHORUS.  
I do believe, I will believe  
That Jesus died for me,  
That on the Cross He shed His blood  
From side to side for me.

The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there have I, though vile as he,  
Washed all my sins away.

Now down by faith I saw the stream  
The flowing wounds supply  
My sinners' souls have been my theme,  
And that I till I die will cry.

There is a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing His power to save,  
When this poor lusting, stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.

2 Mark! the gospel news is sounding,  
Christ has suffered on the tree;  
Hearts of sinners are abounding,  
Grace for all is rich and free.

Now, poor sinners, come to Him who died for  
Thee.

Oh! I escape to yonder mountain;  
Sinners dead in sin I see;  
Christ invites you to the fountain,  
Come and wash away your sin.

Do not tarry, come to Jesus while you may,  
Grace is flowing like a river,  
Millions there have been supplied;  
Still it flows as fresh as ever.

None need perish, all may live, for Christ has  
died.

Christ alone shall be our portion,  
Soon we hope to meet above;  
Then will believe in the full ocean  
Of the great Redeemer's love.

All His faithful we shall then for ever praise.

3 The line to heaven by Christ was made,  
With two weary souls the rails were laid;  
From Earth to Heaven the line extended,  
To life eternal, where it ends.

CHORUS.  
Will you go, will you go,  
Go to that happy land with me!

Passengers to the station, then,  
Where passengers are taken in;  
No fee is there for the journey,  
For Jesus is Himself the way.

The Bible is the engineer,  
It points the line way to heaven so clear,  
Through intricate death and dreary here,  
It does the way to heaven steer.

To first and second and last class—  
Revelation, faith, and holiness—  
You must the way to glory gain,  
Or you with Christ can never reign.

Come now, poor sinners, now's the time,  
At any station on the line,  
If you'll repent and turn from sin,  
The train will stop and take you in.

4 There is a better world, they say, Oh so  
bright!  
Where all and we are done away, Oh, so  
bright!

And angels sit the balmy air,  
And angels with bright wings are there,  
And happy gold and mansion fair, Oh, so  
bright!

And wicked things, and beasts of prey, come  
not there,  
And ruthless death, and fierce decay, come  
not there.

There all are holy, all are good,  
But Jesus washed in Jesus' blood,  
And guilty sinners unrenewed, come not there.

And though we're sinners every one, Jesus  
died,  
And though our crown of peace is gone, Jesus  
died.

We may be cleansed from every stain,  
We may be crowned with bliss again,  
As in the land of glory reign, Jesus died!

Then parents, sisters, brothers come, come  
away,  
We're bound to reach our Father's home, come  
away.

Oh, come, the time is fleeting past,  
And day, and things are fading fast,  
Our time will surely come at last, come away!

CHORUS.  
Soldiers fighting round the cross,  
Fought for your Lord;  
Reckon all things else but loss,  
Fought for your Lord.

All hail! I'm saved! O come and join our  
quitting band.

All hail! I'm saved! We'll conquer if we die.

Oh, your sword and ball day, fight, etc.,  
Oh, your sword and ball day, fight, etc.,  
Oh, your sword and ball day, fight, etc.,  
Oh, your sword and ball day, fight, etc.,

In the name of Christ, your Jesus,  
With the powers of hell contend.

Fight the fight of faith with us;  
Jesus gives the victory.

"Be thou faithful," hear Him cry;  
"In My service fight and die."

See in heaven the rescued slaves,  
Heaven more white than Jesus' face.

Faithfully your weapons yield—  
Stand your ground, and win the field.

Stand your ground, and win the field,  
Stand your ground, and win the field,  
Stand your ground, and win the field,  
Stand your ground, and win the field.

There we'll reign and triumph more.

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## OUR

## Tenth Birthday.

## THE LONDON CELEBRATION.

## A Series of Meetings that will Break the Record.

## SOME OF THE EVENTS:

## A Popular Public Banquet.

## Grand Anniversary Gathering.

## A Soul-Saving Convention.

## An Unique Bombardment.

## An Illuminated Procession.

## Field Officers' Councils of War.

MAKE A NOTE OF THE DATES, AND  
RESOLVE TO BE PRESENT.

## PROGRAM:

MONDAY, Jan. 2nd.—Banquet and Reception of the Field Officers at 8 p.m.

TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY, Jan. 3rd and 4th.—Field Officers' Councils of War.

THURSDAY, Jan. 5th.—Special Bombardment by Field Officers at 10 a.m.

Fashioned Open-Air on the Market Square at 12. Salvation Wedding at 3 p.m.

Popular Banquet at 5.30. Grand Anniversary Meeting at 8 p.m.

FRIDAY, Jan. 6th.—Convention. Subject: "How to Save Souls. Meetings

at 10.30, 3 and 7.30.

## The COMMANDANT

## MRS. BOOTH

WILL CONDUCT THE CAMPAIGN.

Major and Mrs. Baugh, Staff-Captain and Mrs. Marshall, and the whole of the Officers of the Western Ontario Divisions will be Present.

Officers requiring Billets should write to Major Baugh, London, at once.

REDUCED RAILWAY RATES!

Turns—The half can never be told.

I'll try yet once again to tell  
That sweetly solemn tale,  
How Jesus died to save from hell—  
But words of mine must fail.

CHORUS.  
The half cannot be told!  
The half cannot be told!  
Of love divine, so wonderful,  
The half cannot be told!

We cannot tell how great the joys  
And graces He did leave,  
To come into this sinful world,  
That you and I might live.

He bled and died upon the cross  
That we might be pardoned sin,  
He bore the punishment of sin  
That we might thus be free.

Words can't be found to tell the half  
Of grief and pain He felt;  
His love, His blood, His sacrifice,  
The hardest heart must melt.

Such love we cannot comprehend,  
So rich and yet so free,  
That every one of us might say,  
"This Saviour lives in me."

CHORUS.  
The best to be saved by fire and by blood,  
The best to be doing what's right and good,  
The best to wear garments whiter than snow,  
The best to be saved all over.

CHORUS.  
Gazing the world by blood and fire,  
Living upon half, getting saved higher:  
I never felt as sad as you before;  
I feel I am saved all over.

The best to be holy, best to be clean,  
The best for no spot of sin to be seen,  
The best to be pure in body and soul,  
The best to be saved all over.

The best to be perfect, best to be whole,  
The best to have glory during the soul,  
The best to be trusting, best to have rest,  
The best to be saved all over.

All over blessing, all over joy,  
All over cleansing, sin to destroy,  
All over brighter, all over white,  
The best to be saved all over.

Over the Jordan, over the grave,  
Over to glory, Jesus will save,  
Angels will cheer with music and song,  
The sinners who are saved all over.

The best to praise God with shouting and song,  
The best to keep marveling the Army along,  
For millions numbered, in the front and end,  
Will want to be saved all over.

8 I stand all bewildered with wonder,  
And gaze on the cross of love,  
And over it waste to my spirit,  
Comes peace, like a heavenly dove.

CHORUS.  
The Cross now covers my sin,  
The past is under the blood,  
I'm trusting in Jesus for all,  
My will is the will of my God.

I struggled and wrestled to win it,  
The blessing that resteth me free;  
But when I had ceased from my struggle,  
His peace Jesus gave unto me.

He laid His hand on me, and bled me,  
And bled me every white skin,  
I touched the hem of His garment,  
And glory came thrilling my soul.

The peace and my peace is now passing,  
The light of His face is on me;  
But lo! behold, He speaks—  
"My peace I will give unto thee."

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VOL. IX. No. 426. [General of the S. A. Force throughout the world.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 24, 1892.

HERBERT H. BOOTH.

PRICE 10 CENTS.



NO ROOM!—FATHER CHRIST WAS BORN, AND BEFORE.

ASK YOUR CAPTAIN FOR IT.  
Price Only 10 Cts.









THE WAR CRY.

## A Fiddle.

"PLUM BREAD.

## LUTHER SAYS

[illegible]

we couldn't make the bed, the clothes had frozen so hard to the wall. That was in 1885.

★  
Of the increase of His govern-  
ment and peace there shall be no

Death boat? Yes, Freddie and I have shared some of our time together and sung to saints crossing the river. When Freddie was shipwrecked in the Humber I was on a visit to my old home or class. I wouldn't be here to tell this tale.

Artillery? Yes, Freddie was one of the first artillery men in the Chillingham Area. He and I went with the "Black Prince"



## Father Christmas TELLS HIS TALE.

ONLY come once a year in my travels. I don't know why they call me Father Christmas. Perhaps it is because I am getting old. I fancy I am older than most folks imagine. I go back to the time when the shepherds saw the stars. That was in Bethlehem, when the baby, Christ, was born. I took my name after Him, but that was not my first birthday. He, the Christ, was born first in heaven long before the stars were born. It was all planned by the Divine Father then. That is why I say I date so far back.

Though I am generally represented with my hair all white with the snows of winter I feel fresh and young. All angels do, and I am an angel. Sometimes I am said: When I see the folly and the wicked ways of men, all done in my name and in the name of Him from whom I take my name—I am very sad. I almost think then that it would be better not to keep up any anniversary, because it almost seems to be a license for sin.

I could tell you many things that would make your young hearts freeze. I call you all young, because you all seem so young when I think about you. It only seems; yesterday when you were born, and it seems like to-morrow you will die.

### THE CREATION.

I was in at the creation of the world, and saw all the world as that were done. Everything was young then and there had not been any of the dark known beforehand, and though we did not know anything about it God was making His plans all ready; and one of His plans was that my Master and yours was to be born some day in Bethlehem, but we did not know the rest then.

### HOW HELL CAME TO BE MADE.

I was in at the rebellion in Heaven. I didn't share in it, you would know that of course. It was an awful affair. One of the principal angels became disaffected and used his influence to get up a universal conspiracy. He had secured: third part of the stars of Heaven, when God stepped in and crushed it. He hurled the leader headlong out of Heaven. That was how hell came to be made. It was an awful sight to see the Son of the Morning fall from Heaven, and the fearful multitude of angels with him. Heaven stood still and trembled. We all fell down on our faces in fear. It was the first time that fear and sorrow entered Heaven. It was all dark. God shut Himself up to Himself and we could not see His face. The walls of Heaven trembled and we thought the universe was coming to an end. It was only for a moment. The Light shone out again—with dreadful majesty, but also with a strange subdued halo that we had never seen before. We called before. It was then that the birth of Christ was first told to us, and what it was for, but we did not understand it very well and every one of us waited in our hearts for the time to come when it should all come to pass.

### WHEN THE WORLD WAS MADE.

I was present when the world was made. That was when the morning stars sang together for joy. It was such a joy to us to see a new world begun with a promise of a new race who would be almost like ourselves, and who we thought would make up for the loss of our late companions. There had been a shadow of sorrow, as least it was not exactly sorrow because we were all supremely happy in the love of our gracious King, but there was something that had seemed to linger over us after that event had taken place. Sometimes we thought that the gracious God had made a new world so as like us, but that shadow from us. We used to love to think so, only we knew it was not for that, but for some other great and mighty purpose; but it worked in so wonderfully all the same. We were never the same after Satan was cast out of Heaven. We all saw things in a new light. We overtook there could be any evil before, but after that we came to view the great I AM with speechless awe, and we should have sunk within ourselves but He spoke graciously to us and comforted us and told us to wait and watch the revelation which He would be making.

### THE FALL.

I was there when Satan tempted Adam and Eve. I saw it done. And I covered my face in confusion, for I knew what would follow from what had taken place in Heaven. Adam and Eve were cast out. I held the shining sword that kept the tree of life. We all looked on with wonder. It was here that God graciously showed more of Himself unto us. We looked for sudden destruction, and perhaps another upheaval of nature. But the harps of Heaven played all unexpectedly under any hand. A voice sweeter even than music came floating down to us promising that even this second exhibition of sin should be overruled for good, and that the great I AM would show to the assembled worlds what was the extent of His love, and He would make known unto them His NEW NAME. We all fell down and worshipped, and all the angels

wept for joy, as they heard that our Great King, the Son of the Most High God, was promised to become the means of removing the offence, and making a way back for rebellious man. And His offer was accepted in advance, and as we reckoned as though it had all taken place. It was all so full of wonder to us, we could not but adore as never before the Creator and the Redeemer of angels and men.

### WHEN THE WORLD WAS DROWNED.

I was present when the world was drowned. It all looked dark and gloomy. The angels stood in amazement at the wickedness of men, the extent which it had grown. And then the command came to let loose the waters of heaven. I was the one that drew the first bolt from the flood gates and let the water flow out. When the waters rose, we knew it was determined to drown the race. But when we saw the ark, and Noah and his sons enter with the animals, we saw the face of God on our faces. There; for we perceived once more the infinite living kindness of the Lord, and gathered yet more of His purposes concerning the future. We saw dimly, that through this flood He proposed to redeem the race, and we fondly thought that the race would all grow up righteous.

### "WE KEPT THE WATERS UP."

I was present when God called Father Abraham, and chose him from among the nations to represent His cause, and be the chosen channel for His grace to flow. And when Moses came, I saw the red sea dried up. That was wonderful! It was not dried up exactly, but the waters all stood up in heaps, while the Israelites passed over. We were all drawn up as a body guard right across. We kept the waters up. The Israelites could not see us, but we guarded them, and when they had passed over, the waters came down in a flood and drowned the Egyptians.

There was ever some fresh wonder to occupy our thought. We had a tender regard for Moses. I watched over him when his mother put him in the ark of rushes. I witnessed the burning of the mount, when God spoke in a voice of words, and delivered to Moses the ten eternal commands of God—the laws of Heaven. It was an awful moment! We fell down on our faces and worshipped.

I was with Joshua all his life through, and saw the fall of the walls of Jericho. To us it was an intense study to watch the wavering of the children of Israel. Now and again they put away their idols and their unbelief, and then would be happy, but more often it was impossible to get them to believe, and they came very near damnation for their unbelief. They ceased to believe God, and then their hearts hardened, and they gave themselves up to awful abominations.

### KING DAVID.

I was with beautiful Samuel at the anointing of King David. We sang for joy over the crowning of this shepherd boy as king. It seemed just mid-way down the scene from the beginning of the world, and it was given to us as we looked forward, to see a shining light which seemed to grow brighter and brighter until it became a perfect day. We watched David in all his wanderings, and sorrowed when he sinned. David was a favorite with us, and sometimes we would sing his songs. We watched eagerly the career of his son Solomon, and when he gave himself up to iniquity, even the angels of God cried out and wept. We followed the other kings of Israel and Judah through all their chequered careers, and the old sorrow was coming back again. It did seem as though the world was waxing worse and worse, and what little light there was, was going out.

### ELIJAH.

And then Elijah came, and we saw him stand up in face of the prophets of Baal, and openly before them all give glory to the God of Heaven. I had a hand in kindling the fire that burnt up his sacrifice; and I had change of the chariot that afterwards took him to Heaven. All Heaven was becoming more and more absorbed in watching the developments on earth; other worlds had not the same attraction for us.

### AND ISAHAI.

We welcomed Isai, and we were entranced by the gracious God to carry to him some of His messages of light and salvation. They brought joy to our own hearts. Some of the messages God Himself proclaimed by His Own Voice solemnly to Isai's soul, and some of the messages were wrapped in mystery to us, as well as the prophet. But it was at this time that we first began to see more clearly the scope and the fulness of the Divine plan, as it relates to our blessed Master and King. We knew now that He was to be born in Bethlehem, and I was the one that conveyed this news to Isai. The sufferings which Isai's foretold were partly understood by us, but, the most part, were very dark to us. These things are even hid from angels' eyes, and it was these things that the angels desired to look into more than anything else.

### A HIGHER NOTE WAS STRUCK.

From that time a higher, nobler note was struck in our hearts. We pitied poor Jeremiah and helped him all we could. We were commissioned to give visions to Ezekiel and we strengthened his heart when he had to declare war against his nation. We stood by Ezra and Nehemiah. That was a pitiful episode in the history of the Jews when they were carried captive to Babylon. And I was all forward and was made conditional on their repentance. If they had confessed their sins and sought God they would not have been carried away. I remember the case of Daniel in particular. I was the one



that was sent in answer to his prayer, and was withstood twenty-one days on the way by the devil. I could make no headway until God sent another angel to my relief.

### THE NOBLEST NOTE.

I must pass on. There was a long dark night followed, although God kept to Himself a witness all along. And then one day the word came forth from Heaven that the time had come—the fulness of time—the moment to which all the ages past had looked with desire, for the nations should appear. We were commissioned to carry the Gospel to earth, and it was here we fell in with the shepherds, and we sang the highest, and the sweetest, and the noblest note known in all the heavenly choir. We sang and the music filled the world. It was everywhere, like incense. I was there in the

manger when the child was born. It was at that moment that the whole heavenly host burst into chorus, and with loud voice ascribed honor and praise to God and the Lamb.

We had known that the time was drawing near, but did not know the exact moment till He came; and when Christ was born we hovered round and kissed His brow, and kissed His feet, blessed the Virgin that gave Him birth, and blessed the cattle and the stall. He blessed them Himself by His presence and He blessed the earth wherever He walked. He makes heaven. It is Him we worship.

I have carried you back a long way and now want to ask you have you ever knelt low at Jesus' feet, at the feet of the Holy Child Jesus, and given Him your heart as the wise men gave Him their gifts?

# Onward and Upward!

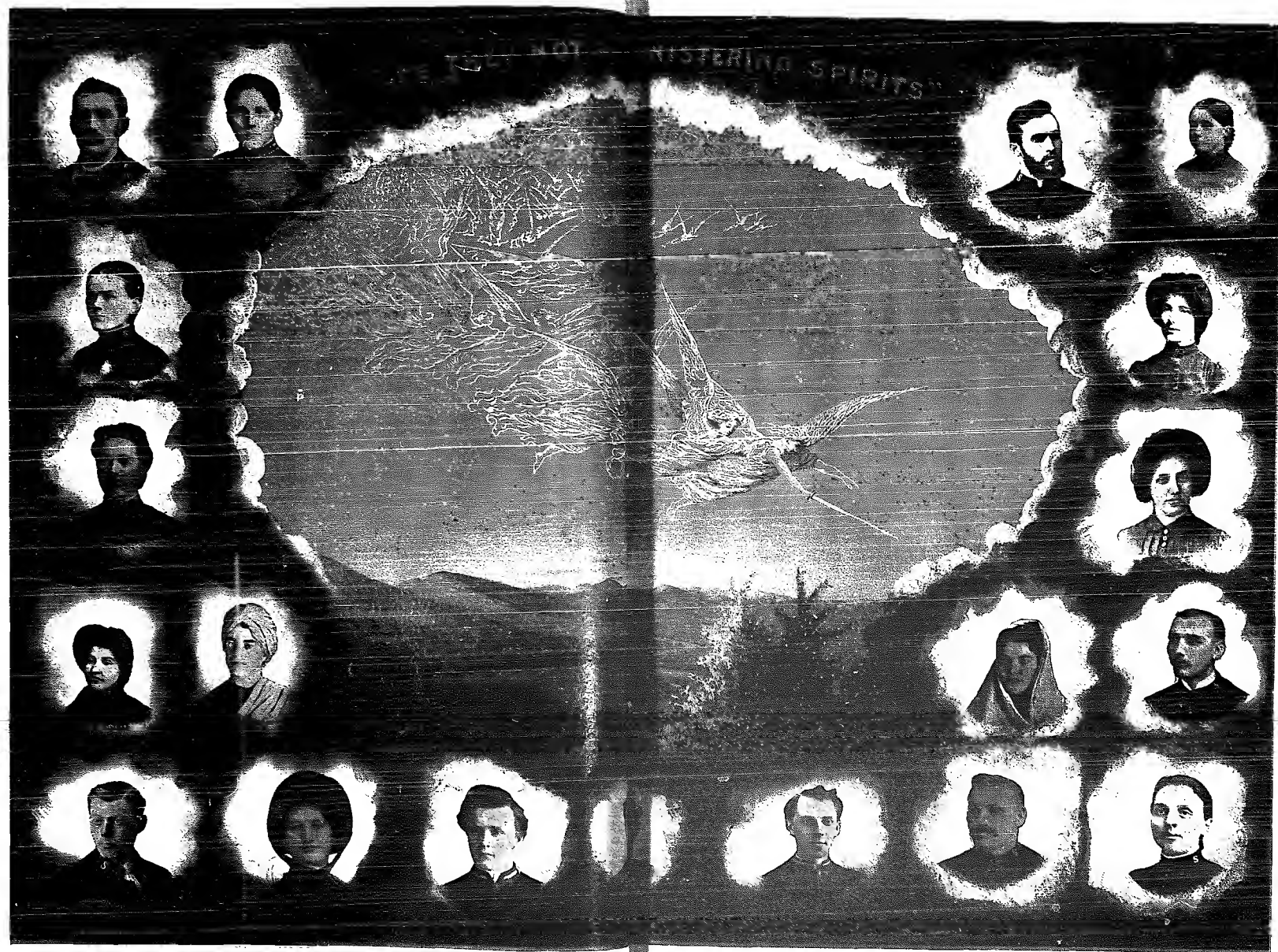
BY MRS. HERBERT BOOTH.



- Upward I am looking  
For a ray of light;  
Upward I am looking,  
For a heart made white.
- Onward I am looking  
Though the wild winds howl  
Onward I am looking  
Through temptations foul.
- Christward I am looking  
Galvary's cross to share  
Christward I am looking  
His image I would bear.
- Forward I am looking  
Thro' my smiles and tears,  
Forward I am looking,  
Gone all doubts and fears.
- Heavenward I am looking  
For my Lord is there.  
Heavenward I am looking  
Robes of white to wear.







CHRISTMAS IN HEAVEN.

er employ the supernatural powers I possess, and look at the city's hidden *center*. Then I know the  
of a thousand secrets; the plot of a hundred intrigues. I see poverty caused by respectability, an  
if beneath refinement. Now I am tracing the fiend of lust to his lair, where I see the victim delivered  
uction. Now I follow the drunkard to his abode, and feel the night to be made hideous by brutality  
and the madman's laughter, and the background of a life picture representing every revenge of passion; every  
gence of appetite; every excess of pleasure; every travesty of love; every revenge of hate. A horrible  
s creeps over me. An icy hand grips my heart. A cold depression settles upon my soul. I am in the  
of a frightful mystery.

en I hear the sound of bells, and I am reminded that it is Christmas Eve. From the towers and  
that the spirit of elms strikes the night air. They are intended as the churches  
to the King of Christendom; but I notice that some of the bells peal awkwardly as if they were *clung*  
because the ringers are drunk.

## THE CONTRAST

[illegible]

"The light of the world."

— Louder than the diurnal churls of the city orchestra is the chorus, ringing along the arches of the sky

"Heads! Tails! Heads!!!"

the troubled heart; to the aching brain; to the struggling spirit; to the throbbing breast. Peace to the agonies of the flesh; the chase of the pleasure hunter; the discomfets of the troubled conscience; to the sighs that weep, to the spirits that mourn. Peace to tumults; in strifes; to conflicts; to wars. Peace to the

Then said I, looking up to the angel land, and representing at that moment the city's need, "If indeed I herald up a method by which this sorrow stricken world could get to itself *Peace*, then indeed would I have done my duty." And then I heard another sound, louder and more glorious than the first. While the chorus of the angels completed their hymn, like the swell of a mighty organ accompanying a multitude of sweet singers:

" Goodwill / Goodwill /

I understood how it was to be done. I saw the remedy at once for every ill that afflicts the human race and disgraces the human life. That remedy was the one great, deep, glorious, inexplicable thing: it was by the one grand word:

LOVE

## THE COUNCILS

THIS long looked for Councils have commenced. Councils of War they are, in deed and in truth. Officers from all parts have come pouring in. The program has already, in part, been laid before us. The characters, big notes of the Council, evidently will be the holy, warlike determination to face the difficulties of the right manner, and turn these very difficulties into triumph. It is a beautiful, heart-inspiring, uplifting truth. It is a favorite text, "The Lord is with you, and he will make you victorious, and he will realize that which makes the crooked places the Red Sea, crosses the Jordan, brings down the mountains, turns the desert into a plain, and for the sea of distress, and arms with a supernatural power. It is the old, everlasting doctrine of faith laughs at impossibilities, and does it."

LAUGHS AT HIM.  
GRIES, "IT SHALL  
POSSIBILITIES, AND  
BE DONE!"

God is with us. That is the meaning of Christmas, of Christ. God is with us in the Army; God is with us in our Navy; God is with us in the new paths we are striking out. God is our Joy, our Tower of Strength. God is our Sufficiency. Let everyone with a practical application, the song of the Ephraims—Immanuel: God with us.

Ruth is a wonderful thing. It is the parent of all virtues. Faith in God is unconquerable! It is our watchword for the New Year, and the song of triumph for the closing days of the Old.

Give me the faith which can remove  
And sink the mountain to a plain  
Give me the childlike praying love  
Which lings to build Thy house again  
Thy love, let it my heart empower,  
And all my simple soul devour.

Out of thee, Bethlehem, shall come a Governor that shall rule My people, Israel.

A Bruised Reed  
He shall not break  
and  
Smoking Flax He  
shall not quench.

**Asleep** ♦  
AT HIS  
♦ **Post.**

BY THE GENERAL

[illegible]

THE EXPRESS BUSSED ON

as though the long row of carriages behind it were nothing.

Now for Berwick: 'A little pause; on, on to Newcastle. Here there is another pause, and a change of engines. Away, away again over the High Level Bridge. The passengers look at their watches, and feel that the time is flying, and only half an hour has passed.

Think is reached. Only another half hour, and they will be— With a thundering crash, followed by shrieks and cries, the journey of that train, and, alas, of the passengers, is ended. What has happened? What is it? Where are we? The passenger train has run into the train that is right there to crash. A few minutes more, and with scarce time to rescue the bleeding, mangled victims, the train is on fire, and some whom otherwise it was possible to save, but whose names they never know till the eternal morning, were cremated in the frightful burning pile.

Why, why? Oh, why is this? What is the cause of this dread calamity? The signalman, whose business it was to keep the line clear or to have stopped the express train, was asleep at his post!

He knew not. he saw not the heavily-laden train creep up and take its stand right in the track of the express, which could almost be heard in the distance, as she came rushing along at fifty miles per hour to her doom. He could have shunted the coal-train out of the way had he known. He could have stopped the express. He could have prevented the agony. But he did not see it.

HE WAS ASLEEP IN THE SIGNAL-BOX

[illegible]

BUT THE QUESTION I WANT TO ASK YOU

is about wide-awakeism when you are there. I do not know what your post is, what may be your grade or rank. All I know is, if you have any post at all, from the lowest recruit upwards, in the Army, that it is important, and that you should be awake.

[illegible][illegible]

## EXCISES

The sign-man, a sufficient reason, has excuses for his slumber. They may or may not be accepted in a court of law; but no sufficient reason when he stands to take his trial. Of that I construe myself no judge. If he were overworked, or had been molested the night before, I sympathize with him, and hope he will have merry songs to sing.

But my business with you is to impress upon you that you must not sleep at your post, for not only is it a crime against the souls of your neighbors and a sin against your God, but it is dead to your own soul. Remember that a watchman condemned already to perish with those he failed to warn is a wretched danger. Remember that awful crash at Thirsk in the dead of that winter night, and remember that you alone are at your post.











"Oh, God! Oh, God! that cursed drink traffic!" she cried.

"Be off!" he cried.

We three men seemed to hate one another more and more. The distiller said I was a low, dirty brute, who had ruined these people by letting them drink too much. Then I turned on him and said, "You're a gentleman and I'm a poor man; I do it for my living."

"But you adulterate our goods," said the brewer, "and put stuff into it to make the people thirsty."

"And how can I help that," I said, "when there is so much competition in the trade? I must get my living."

"No, not the beer, it's the spirits that does the harm," said the poor brewer.

WE SEEMED LIKE DEVILS HATING ONE ANOTHER, and there was a gnawing, burning pain tearing our insides.

The crowd kept on pouring in and damning us—old and young, rich and poor.

One boy particularly—Harry. I loved him more than any one. I can see him now as he used to look when I took him down for a day in the country, romping in the green fields among the buttercups, laughing with his pretty red lips parted, and whispering like a blackbird. But I never thought that drink would ruin my boy, and yet, there he came, in with the crowd. Oh, hell! Just afterwards, she came in—my wife. We had been partners thirty years, and she helped keep the accounts.

She always had a hasty temper, but it had seemed to get worse lately, but when she saw me she was turned to a devil. She stretched her hand out to all the stinking, foul, bloated folk who came with her, she caught me by the arm, and laughed and laughed and said, "You and I, have brought them all here, and now we are damned at last!"

Blackness seemed to come down everywhere, and—I AWOKE. There I was sitting where I had fallen asleep—behind the bar.

It was Sunday morning, and of course we were closed during church hours. I saw the drink all round me. "My God!" I prayed, "I'll never sell another drop of it to man, woman, or child."

THE CLOCK STRUCK ONE, and in came my usual lot of customers. They all called for something.

"You'll never get another drop from me," I said. "Christ forgive me for what I've done!"

Some thought I was joking, and some thought I was mad; but I turned down every bottle there before them, and I turned the taps and let the beer out. It filled the place, and the stench was like the stink going down into hell.

"I don't care if I do starve, if I don't have those children cursing me!" I repeated. "Christ forgive me and save me!"

God rest ye, all good Christians, upon this blessed morn,

The Lord of all good Christians was of a woman born;

How all your sorrows He doth heal, your sins He takes away,

For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas Day.

—MISS M'LOOKE.

"And to the slave which they saw in them"

"And to the slave which they saw in them"

"And to the slave which they saw in them"

"And to the slave which they saw in them"

"And to the slave which they saw in them"

"And to the slave which they saw in them"

"And to the slave which they saw in them"

"And to the slave which they saw in them"

"And to the slave which they saw in them"

"And to the slave which they saw in them"

A TAVERN-

KEEPER'S

Awful Dream!

A VISION OF HELL!

SHALL never forget how they cursed me in that dream! I was standing just inside one of the gates of hell. I thought a long procession of people were coming streaming down the road, and in at the gate. They shrieked out as soon as they saw where they were going.

I drew back out of sight, for I noticed many of my old customers.

I had seen two children with blue eyes only the Sunday before at the bar with their mother. Sometimes she would leave them outside, and sometimes she would call in and give them a drop of gin. I didn't like to see them at the bar, but still it wasn't my fault if she brought them in. So there the little things would sit on the bench, thin and dirty. Their mother and father were not bad to them when they were sober, but they used to knock them about a good deal when they were drunk of course; but what could you expect? Their father was at the bar most evenings. I knew his first wife, too; he used to knock her about also when she aggravated him, and once when he got kicking her she took to her bed and died. He had three months—just that wasn't my fault. I never allowed him to get disorderly at my bar, and many a time I wouldn't let him have any more. "Out you go!" I said. But he was a regular customer, and 'business is business."

But I never shall forget the way those two children looked at me with their blue eyes when they saw me!

"There's the 'SAVOUR' looked."

Then they said it was all through me their parents were in hell, and they cursed and swore at me, till I didn't know where children could have learnt such language.

The mother said me, and began cursing too; she had a black eye, and looked white as a ghost.

Another wife was there, too, with her ribs kicked in, and she up and said it was my fault she was there, and fire seemed to come out of her eyes when she looked at me. The man came behind and he cursed and swore too; he looked just as usual with his purple face and his thin shiny kind of clothes. But I didn't mind him as much as the women and children; they yelled like fiends at me.

Then there came four dreadful bad girls, with their hair grizzled and combed down in a fringe over their red faces.

"Hello, Era, here's old Bill!" said one of them. "So, old Scratch has got you as well as us. Well, I'm glad of it, for you've helped us a lot to get us here."

I had never liked to have them in a respectable bar like mine, but of course they brought us custom, and 'business is business.' But the way they went on now was something awful! And the people came pouring in as thick as from a music hall, thousands, for it was a great wide gate—the mouth of hell—though I heard there were several more.

I got away from those girls, and tried to hide, but I found two gentlemen crouched down too. "I'm a brewer," said one; and "I'm a distiller," said the other. "Who are you?" "I'm a tavern-keeper," said I.

THEY NEVER KNEW THAT THE DRINK SENT SO MANY TO HELL.

But the other grashed his teeth and said nothing until someone called, "Charles, where are you?" Then he bounced up.

"Damnation, it's my wife!" he cried. "Go away, Susan; go away, you fool!"

"Oh, Charles, is it too late? Are you in hell?" and the shriek away from him.

"Yes," he said; "you preached enough to me when I was alive. Go back to the children."

## THAT Little Green Window, OR, THE TALE OF THREE ORPHANS.

And Two of Them Became Officers.

N orphan girl in a grey home-spun flannel frock sat all in a crouched heap before a small, deep-set window in a Coudon country farm-house. She was just the little maid who helped in the housework; but her father was washed, and the room was swept and dusted, and now she sat down to think. The room was tiny, but then it was her very own, though there was only space enough for the washstand.

AND HER BED WITH THE PATCHWORK QUILT. Her dark, and eyes were fixed on the window, but she did not see much there, for she looked through a mist of tears and through the thick frost on the panes of glass.

She thought and thought: she thought of the snow, and ice, and the winter; she thought of her two little brothers, far away; she thought of her father and mother under the snow; she thought of God in heaven.

She thought of one day just before Christmas, not many weeks before, how after banking up the fire, she had crept into bed, with one little brother, beside her poor sick mother. She thought how at last, with the cold day, she had turned to look at her sleeping mother, and how, as she gazed, a frightful sense of terror crept over her in the silent cottage, for the dear face, always so pale with pain, now had a strange look, and she lay so fearfully still. These trembling with the vague doubt, she had slipped her hand from under the blanket, and passed her warm little fingers over her mother's forehead and the sunken eyes. Cold, cold—ice-cold! She knew what it meant—she knew those eyes would never move again on her lonely fatherless children! It was too true!

"Fields of the golden, slipping out of the bed and waking her little brother, 'Frankie! Mother's dead!'" (Poor little orphan feelings—such a cold nest for a Christmas waking.) But quick as thought, all the girlish instincts of protection sprang up within her. Mother was gone—

NOW HER MUST BE A MOTHER.

to her younger brothers. Chapping the soft hand of the awe-stricken boy, she knelt with her hands behind her back, and told the Christ Child they were just two poor children all alone in the wide, wide world. And the Lord, who was once the Babe in the manger, every word she said. Then, rising, she looked once more at that silent mother, speechless still, and repeated the words. Next morning, when the sun shined on the snow, she closed the door, and hurried, breathlessly, away down the lonely road and through the billowy snow to the doctor's house.

The sun shone out from that window, and the ice-covered panes began to glaze with countless sparkles on the delicate tracery. Jack Frost had sketched, of tropical forests of palms and ferns. Then she remembered how kind that doctor had been, and how he made her stay with his children till the funeral that same afternoon, when her other little brother, Alex, was there as well as Fred, and the three stood together by the grave. But when they had passed, and she had come to this house to help turn her own living, 'Your brother Alex! How often she had sobbed herself to sleep thinking of him and of Frankie, and she had wept so hard that her heart had broken, one morning after the day he had been to see her, when she cried his story, telling little Frankie in the snow, and had followed them, kneeling then below the cedar hedge that broke the wind along lanes, where she dropped a tear almost for every footstep. She wished, oh, she wished she could die with her mother, but so she said, and she never thought would make the time seem short, but then for her brother's sake, she would be good and work hard.

The sunshine grew warmer, the frost vanished, the branches of the wild grape-vine that were shaded and intertwined outside the window began to bud. The merry little children (whispered beyond in the sparse trees, and against sweet blue sky a sunny brown, happy little angel) would sit on the fence, and tell something round in his gown—the young rope! For he found the burden of the house, and then when all away, hilling him once by one in the wood pile. Sometimes the cat, what little still, he then one by one in the wood pile. Sometimes the cat, what little still, he then one by one in the wood pile. Sometimes the cat, what little still, he then one by one in the wood pile.

THEY WERE TO BE GOOD—FOR THE BOY'S SAKES.

she couldn't help it, she knew she got ugly and stubborn; and once, when this woman was complaining, and wondering 'what sort of a bringing-up' she had had, the child first right up and said, 'I don't know.' 'Say what you like about me; but let my mother mother alone!'

THEY WERE TO BE GOOD—FOR THE BOY'S SAKES.

or the house through, and later there were the cherry cherry trees to be

stripped, and the raspberries to gather. Her brothers came to see her, and all three, turned to look better and better, and Jesus heard their praying, and watched over them, and drew them nearer to Himself every day, leading them in a wonderful way.

The days were leaves turned yellow and gold, and fell, and Christmas came again, and many Christmas days, and Alice went to keep house for Fred and Marie. At last God led them into the Salvation Army, where Mary went in the Rescue Work, and her brother at Toronto Headquarters; but Alex, God wanted him to tell about Jesus amongst people who had never heard His name, and not long ago he visited the very spot where the first Christmas Day was spent—in Bethlehem, of Judea.

"What to us a child is born!  
He's has earth's best love,  
Among all the mortals of time,  
Half so glorious in his prime."

"What to us a Son is given!  
He's come from God's own house;  
Bringing with Him from above,  
Holy peace and holy love."

—CHARLES BONAR.

THEIR eyes had so long kept company with the mysterious stars that doubtless like shepherds of more ancient times, they were able to trace their course. But there came to them a night surpassing all nights in wonder. Of a sudden the whole heavens were filled with light, as if morning came upon midnight. Out of this splendour a single voice issued as if a chord leaped.

"Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy,"

It seemed a fever of wonder. These children of the little stable came to find the Babe and make known on every side the marvellous vision. Moved by the full faith of the angels, they went to the manger, and there they found the Babe, and they were told that they were to be the first to see Him, and they were to be the first to tell of Him to the world.

In beautiful contrast the mother is described. Mary kept all these things and pondered them in her heart.

A novel, touching faith in God, childhood's simplicity and profound love seemed to have formed the nature of Mary. She may be accepted as a type of Christian motherhood.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Christmas - Day.

Wrap'd in his swaddling bands,

And in his manger laid,

The hope of glory of all lands

It came to the world's aid.

His peaceful home upon His cradle united,

Quaint rustic moor and came, where slept the royal child.

But where Thou dwellest, Lord,

He other thought should be,

Once duly welcome'd and adored,

Thou should'st I part with

Thou?

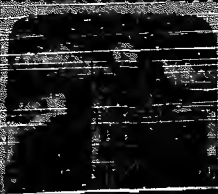
Bathelhem must leave Thee  
room, but Thine with  
peace  
The single heart to be  
Thy peace abiding place.

—KEBLE.



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